

29

THE
CONFEDERATES:
A
F A R C E.

By Mr. G A Y.

Rumpantur ut ilia CODRO.



These are the Wags, who boldly did adventure
To club a Farce by *Tripartite Indenture*!
But, let 'em share their Dividend of Praise,
And wear their own *Fool's Cap*, instead of *Bays*.

Prol. to the Sultaness.

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TO

Mrs. PHOEBE CLINKET.

I

T is somewhat odd, that a Person who has got so much Reputation by her *Heels*, should give her self up now to scanning of *Verſes*, and making

A 2

of

DEDICATION.

of *Similes*; and change the agreeable *Dancer*, into the frightful *She-Pedant*.

For my Part, I should have expected to have seen your *Pinners* stain'd with *Claret*, much sooner than *Ink*, a *Fiddle* carry'd before you, rather than a *Desk*, and another Weapon in that soft Hand, instead of a *Pen*.

You are oblig'd to the Three worthy Gentlemen, whose Pictures

are

DEDICATION.

are in the Front, for a Name
that will stick by you as long as you
live: And since the Part that you
bore in their FARCE, has made you
so deservedly Famous, I think no
Body has a juster Title to the Pro-
tection of mine.

However, tho' I take this Li-
berty, I shall not abuse it, by tres-
passing long upon your Patience;
since DEDICATIONS have something
in them so Formal: And you will

agree

DEDICATION.

agree with me, That a *Stiff Thing*,
of This Kind at least, cannot be
too *short.*

I am, &c.

JOSEPH GAY.



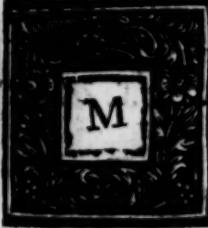
TO



TO THE

READER.

Y Kinsman's late Ill Success,


*had almost discourag'd me
from subscribing a Name I
have in common with him, to this Pre-
face ; but the World, I hope, is too Ge-
nerous to condemn a whole Family, be-
cause one of its Branches falls under its
Censure : And they who will but take
the*

To the Reader.

*the Pains to read the following POEM,
must acquit me, I dare swear, of having
any Hand in his Play.*

*'Tis not to be wonder'd at, that a
Man who has Burlesqu'd the Beauties
and Excellencies of Poets, should pick
out their worst Parts for his Models, and
Ape their Deformities. * The Puns
and Quibbles so plentifully scatter'd in
the late Famous Comedy, convince us*

** Three Hours after Marriage.*

To the Reader.

sufficiently, that the same want of Judgment which had made him expose what was Great and Sublime in † SHAKESPEAR, OTWAY, &c. induc'd him to Copy their Imperfections and Faults. He has given a farther Proof of this lately, by making HORACE his *Pattern in one of his Epistles, which his greatest Admirers can perhaps say the least for; and that Excellent Author is as little

† The What d'ye call it.

* A Journey to Exeter.

To the Reader.

beholden to JOHNNY's Imitation in this Place, as he is to Dr. BENTLEY's Amendments in others.

As for my Kinsman's Two Friends behind the Curtain, who will not allow him, he says, to make use of their Names; they must excuse me, if I am less tender in that Point, and bring them both on the Stage; where, 'tis hop'd, they will not make a worse Figure, than the Persons they themselves introduc'd: For 'tis but Reason, methinks, that my Cousin's Ingenious

Con-

To the Reader.

*Confederates should share his Dis-
grace, since he publickly owns, They
went Snacks in his Profit.*

JOSEPH GAY.



[b.2]

PRO-



PROLOGUE.

SINCE Prose has met such bad Success of late,
In Verse our Author tries this Night his Fate ;
A Novice Bard ; yet vain enough to hope
For no worse Luck, than T——R, and POPE.
No far-fetch'd Mummies on this Stage appear,
Nor Snake, nor Shark, nor Crocodile is here ;
But, One Strange Monster we design to show,
(His Fellow you ne'er saw in * Channel-Row)

* Randal in Channel-Row, the famous Monster-monger.

PROLOGUE.

On whom Dame Nature nothing good bestow'd,
In Form, a Monkey; but for Spite, a Toad.
Nor thought we fit, (since They might take it ill)
To leave out here his Brethren of the Quill;
The Northern Doctor with his Highland Face;
Nor t'other Wit that waited on her * Grace.

The Poet begs the Rhyme you will excuse,
Nor damn the Labour of your Champion Muse:
(A Muse that rises in the Town's Defence,
Plagu'd with dull Satire, and Impertinence.)
This he declares, The Scenes are all his Own,
If for his Faults that Frankness will attone.
Let Brother Wits impose on JOHNNY GAY;
But JOE's no Father for Another's Play.

* D — ss of M — h.

Dramatis

THE MUDGOLY



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Mr. POPE.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT.

Mr. GAY.

Mr. CIBBER.

Mr. LINTOTT.

W O M E N.

Mrs. OLDFIELD.

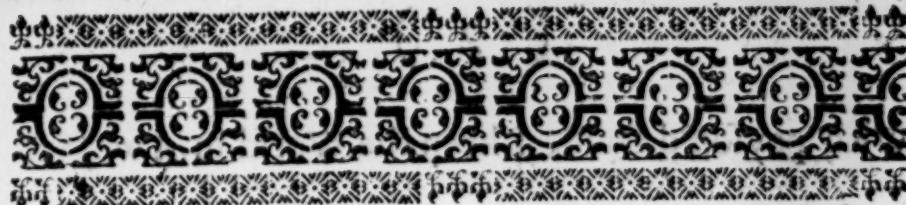
Mrs. BICKNELL.

Attendants.

SCENE Covent Garden.

THE

Intermission



THE
CONFEDERATES:
A
FARCE.

SCENE I.

*A Room in the Rose-Tavern, near the
PLAY-HOUSE.*

POPE *solus.* [A.R.B. *lift'ning at the Door.*

THUS in the Zenith of my Vogue I Reign,
And bless th' Abundance of my fertile Vein;
My pointed Satire aim alike at All,
(Foe to Mankind) and scatter round my Gall:

B With

With poysn'd Quill, I keep the World in Awe;
 And from My Self my own ^a THERSITES draw.
 This very Night, with Modern Strokes of Wit,
 I charm the Boxes, and divert the Pit;
 Safe from the Cudgel, stand secure of Praife;
 Mine is the Credit, be the ^b Danger GAY's.

[AR. coming forward.

Hold, Brother! thou forget'st the Scenes I made;
 This Boast of thine, is but a Gasconade :

^a A Character in Homer, of an Ill-natur'd, Deform'd Villain; which Mr. Pope has thus Translated :

Aw'd by no Shame, by no Respect controul'd,
 In Scandal busie, in Reproaches bold :
 Spleen to Mankind his Envious Heart possest,
 And much he hated All, but most the Best.

^b Because he Father'd the Play, and has since stood Mr. Cibber's Drub for it.

Such

Such vain Ambition let thy Friend controul,

Nor suffer Pride so far to swell thy Soul ;

Then have not I to Praise an equal Claim ?

And is not ARBUTHNOTT as Great a Name ?

P. Since then so flyly thou hast lent an Ear;

Whilst I, deep musing, thought no Creature near ;

Know, *Caledonian*, Thine's a simple Part,

Scarce any thing but some ^a Quack-Terms of Art,

Hard Words, and Quibbles ; but 'tis I that sting,

And on the Stage. ^b th' *Egyptian Lovers* bring ;

^c Miss *Phæbe*, *Plotwell*, *Townley*, all are Mine,

And Sir *Tremendous* : — *Fossile*'s only Thine :

^a See the Play ; especially *Fossile's Part*.

^b *The Mummy and Crocodile*.

^c *Several Characters in the Play*.

Compare not then with me, vain-boasting Fool !

I'll write a *Poem*, e'er thou'l give a *Stool*.

AR. Urge not my Wrath too far, presumptuous
[Loon !

For at a Wrong, we *Scotchmen* kindle soon :

My ^a *Glasgow* Muse to yield to thine disdains,
And can write Poems with as little Pains.

Defects thou dost observe in Human-kind ;
But to Thy Own, art, like thy *HOMER*, blind.

P. GO, Doctor, go ; thy Patients Pulses feel,
Handle the Syringe, or in Purges deal :
The Muses dwell not in thy Northern Air ;

And *Poetry*'s an *Itch* not catching there.

But cease ; for should I give my Choler vent,

Thou might'st thy Rashness, but too late, repent :

^a The Doctor was of that University.

In my keen Satires handed thro' the Town,
 With Shame and Madness, hang thy self, or drown.
 Not BUTTON's Wits from my Lampoons are free,
 And Thou, and BLACKMORE are but ^a Worms to me.

AR. Such Arrogance, ye Gods! what Man can bear?
 * I could — but ah! thou art not worth my Care.

[* *Laying his Hand on his Sword.*

This, by thy Death, would gain but small Renown:
 Yet from yon Casement will I fling thee down,
 Beat out thy Brains, and give *Old Nick* his Due,
 Unless for Pardon thou dost quickly sue:
 Vain Pigmy! thou might'st prove, without a Joke,
 The ^b Second AESOP then, whose Neck was broke.

^a He ridicul'd the Wits of Button's, in a Satire call'd
The Worms.

^b AESOP had his Neck broke. Vid. *His Life.*

[POPE aside.

I'll sooth his Rage ; his Cheek with Anger glows ;
 Th' Odds are against me, should we come to Blows.
 To AR.] I was to blame ; forgive me, gentle Scot,
 Why should POPE differ with his ARBUTHNOTT ?
 Thoughtful and anxious for our first Essay,
 I lost my Reason, and took Thee for GAY.

AR. Then let's embrace ; for I have often try'd
 That *Lunaticks* and *Wits* are near ally'd.
 But say, What News ? Our Fate I long to hear ;
 Tho' for the *Play*, there's little room to fear.
 P. 'Tis^a now the Hour, if my Watch says right,
 When weary'd Actors bid their Friends Good-night.

^a Nine of the Clock.

Hark !

Hark! by the Noise, the *Drama* should be done,
 The Coaches rattle, and the Footmen run.
 See! yonder JOHNNY comes with eager Pace!

AR. I wish his Looks portend us no Disgrace.

Enter GAY.

P. JOHNNY, what News?

G. My Grief scarce lets me tell!

But you may guess that Matters don't go well.

AR. Is the *Play* damn'd? They could not be so dull!

G. 'Tis Fact, *Messieurs*! and yet the House was full!

If you're such Scepticks, and the Truth would know,

To Mrs. OLDFIELD, or to CIBBER go.

P. Death to my Hopes!

AR. Come, let us hear the worst;
 Of Wits ill-fated, we are not the first.

G. Betimes, the better to conceal my Face,
 In th' *Eighteen-Penny Row* I chose a Place;

whence,

Whence, unobserv'd, I might attend the *Play*,
 And the loud Criticks of the *Pit* survey.
 So vast a Throng took up the spacious Round,
 Scarce for a Mouse, or * You, had Room been found;
 [* To Pope.
 Heroes and Templers here were mix'd with Wits,
 There Bawds and Strumpets, with a Group of Cits:
 Rang'd in each Box were seen th' Angelick Fair,
 Whose Footmen had since *Two* been posted there.
 Round me I gaz'd with Wonder and Delight,
 And wish'd that this had been the *Poet's Night*.

A.R. It promis'd well.

G. It did; but mark the End:

What boots a *Croud*, unless that *Croud's* your Friend?
 The *Prologue* finish'd, in the ^a Doctor came,
 And with him, Hand in Hand, ^b th' intriguing Dame.

^a Fossile.

^b Mrs. Townley.

Silent a while th' attentive *Many* fate,
 The Men were hush'd, the Women ceas'd their Chat:
 But soon a Murmur in the *Pit* began,
 And thence all round the *Theatre* it ran ;
 The Noise increasing as along it mov'd,
 Grew loud at last, and to a *Hiss* improv'd.
 Nor Wit, nor Humour, could their Rage appease,
Clinket and *Plotwell* strove in vain to please ;
 Each smutty Phrase, and ev'ry cutting Line,
 Was thrown away, and lost, like Pearls on Swine :]
 Some Females only (to the good old Cause
 True Friends, I ^a ween) gave Tokens of Applause.
 Mean while, conceal'd, I sweating fate, as when
 In *Bagnio* stew'd; and thought Three Hours Ten ;
 In greater Pain than Wight besieг'd by *Duns*,
 Or trembling Soldier, who the *Gantlet* runs.

A Word much us'd by Mr. Gay, in his Shepherd's Week.

P. Then I'll henceforth shake Hands with Wit and
And ^{[Sense,} ^a *Ballad-Writer* from this Date commence.

Ar. Henceforth my Paper I'll reserve for *Bills*,
And in my Labours wrap my *Gilded Pills* !

P. Have I for this, ye Gods ! for this, been crown'd
So Young with Lawrel, and so long Renown'd ?
Made Lords and Ladies to my ^b Works subscribe,
Now to be damn'd by such a noisy Tribe ?

Ar. Have I for this almost renounc'd my Art,
And of my Patients lost the greatest Part ?
Better I had turn'd Quack, and kept a Stage,
Than toil'd and writ for such a senseless Age !

P. But hold ; we must not thus our Hopes give o'er,
The fam'd ^c *Rehearsal* had this Fate before :

^a *The Court Ballad was writ immediately after.*

^b *His Homer.*

^c *The First Time the Rehearsal was Acted, it was hiss'd.*

Experience tells, 'tis not a Thing so New,
 For most to damn what's understood by few ;
 Those who dislik'd our *Crocodile* and *Mumm*,
 In Two Nights more may to their Relish come :
 Mean while from sinking to preserve our Play,
 To ^a pack an *Audience* is the surest way ;
 For this Performance Patrons must be sought ;
 Let these but clap, their Seats shall cost them nought ;
 The rest, ashame'd to hiss, will change their Noise :
 So Ducks in Ponds are taken by Decoys.

G. To find out Patrons asks no mighty Pain :
 Not far from hence, there is a noted Lane,
 Where *Darby Captains* ev'ry Night abound,
 For Want of Valour, and of Pence renown'd ;
 These I'll engage ; and that they may not fail,
 Bribe them with *Mutton-Chops*, and *Pots of Ale*.

* It is well known they did so.

P. To Morrow to the Park my Course I steer,
 Where good Duke *Humphry's* Guests dine half the
 [Year,
 If there are Charms in *Pudding, Beef, and Wine,*
 Fear not ; that famish'd Crew shall rival Thine.

Ar. Your sev'ral Methods, Brethren, I commend ;
 At such a Pinch, what's matter who's our Friend ?
 With *Tarts* and *Cheese-cakes* to the Schools I'll run,
 Secure some Boys ; and then the Thing is done.

P. Haste then, dear *GAY*, my other Heart's De-
 [light,
 Make sure your *Sharpers* for to Morrow Night :
 But first to *QLDFIELD*, and to *BICKNEL* go,
 And give our Service, ^a as full well you know ;
 Smoke how the Multitude's Contempt they bear,
 Affwage their Anger, and appease the Fair ;
 Whilst at Friend ^b *BERNARD*'s we our Doom console,
 And drown our Sorrows in a cheerful Bowl.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a Having been formerly us'd to such Errands.

^b Mr. Lintott's House in Fleet-street.

SCENE II.

The Green Room at the Play-House.

Mrs. OLDFIELD. BICKNEL.

Oldf. BICKNEL, it is resolv'd; thy Arts give o'er;
 For from this Night, I tread the Stage no more:
Hiss'd and insulted! —— Never, by my Soul,
I tread it more! I'd sooner go and stroll.

B. Do not, good Sister, thus your Friends forsake,
 For if you leave our House, we all shall break:
This Theatre will dwindle ev'ry Day,
And scarce our Profits for the Candles pay.
Avert, ye Gods! such Fate from Drury-Lane:
 For to keep WILKS we then should strive in vain;
Malicious ^a RICH would in our Loss delight,
And 'twould be Nuts to ROGERS and to KNIGHT.

^a *Master of the other Play-House.*

O. In Market fam'd for *Hay*, a House full high,
 With Sashes bright, and Wainscot Rooms have I;
 Rich Beds, and Damask Chairs (I thank my Stars!)
 And Cabinets are there with China Jars.
 What hinders then, but I enjoy my Store,
 As famous BRACEGIRDLE has done before?
 (Mock'd by Spectators, and by Poets croft)
 And quit the Scenes where all my Glory's lost?

B. Believe thy BICKNEL, who thy Grief partakes,
 So small a Slur, too great Impression makes:
 I too was hisf'd, whom oft the self-fame Crowd
 Has seen with Raptures Dance, and clapt so loud;
 Yet I'll act on, nor mind this Night's Disgrace,
 And, spight of Criticks, dare to show my Face.

Oldf. Ill-judging Beauties (tho' of high Degree)
 Why did you force this wretched Part on me?

at. o

And

And Thou, ^a fat *Baroness*, with Cheeks so Red,
 Whence came this Maggot in thy ancient Head?
 Oh! that I had (with BOOTH and WILKS combin'd)
 Obdurate as at first, not chang'd my Mind!
 Or, since I could not from the Task be freed,
 Had mimick'd Lady M——n, not Mrs. M——d.

B. Who'd rage and fret to hear a Rabble hiss,
 Or take the Frowns of those ^b *Cockards* amiss?
 For the *Beau Monde* contemns the roaring Boys,
 And never joins with their infernal Noise.
 Besides, O think, in thy full Beauty's Pride,
 What Pity 'twere, a Form like Thine to hide:
 Of Kings and Heroes I have often read,
 Who, sick of Worldly Pomp, to Cells have fled;
 But, one Example on the Stage produce,
 When A^ttress in her Prime, e'er turn'd Recluse.

^a *Lady M——n.*

^b *The Gentlemen of the Army.*

O. How frail is Woman ! and how quickly breaks
 The firm Resolves, and solemn Vows she makes !
 At thy Persuasion, Girl, I will not quit,
 Tho' us'd so ill by *Galleries* and *Pit* :
 But if to serve that Envious ^a Urchin's Spight,
 I stand the Brunt of such another Night,
 May OLDFIELD be the Sport of *Grubstreet* Bards,
 At *Ombre* always lose, and curse the Cards.

B. What if a Present then should tempt your Mind ?
 (To Presents few are Proof of Womankind :)
 Should the Three Poets raise a pretty Sum,
 And with full Purse, in humble Manner come ;
 If on the Store you chanc'd to cast your Eye,
 O cou'd you, cou'd you Then, their Suit deny ?

O. In Gold there's wond'rous Eloquence, I grant ;
 Gold can break Prisons, and debauch a Saint ;

^a Mr. Pope.

Make stubborn Hearts against the Grain comply ;
 Since nothing's Proof to't then, ah ! how should I ?
 But hark ! who's entring here ? I'll run away ;
 For by the clumsy Tread it should be GAY.

That, manage You, and bring them to our Lure ;
 For me a Present, and your self secure ;
 Else tell him, we are from our Promise freed ;
 There's nothing to be done, unless they bleed.

[Ex. OLDFIELD.]

: of no place but Enter GAY. doM alnoguu HT

B. to Oldf.] Trust to my Art.

G. At both my Friends Request,

I come, fair BICKNEL, e'er you go to Rest.

B. For what, good Sir ?

G. To give our Thanks, tho' poor,

For that kind Part which in our Play you bore.'

B. Indeed !

G. Ne'er trust me else.

B. 'Tis wond'rous civil ;

But would your Friends and you were at the Devil.

G. How, Madam !

B. Nay, 'tis Truth ; you need not stare !

My Sister OLDFIELD will the same declare.

I'll warrant now, you wonder why we fret,

Nor know the Treatment which this Night we met.

G. Your Pardon, Fair One ; yes, indeed, I know
Th' ungentle Mob was somewhat Rude, or so :
Is't That you mean ?

B. And is that nothing, pray ?

To morrow Night let who will act your *Play*.

For ~~she~~ your *Townley*, and your *Clinket* I,

(Thanks to our Stars !) have other Fish to fry.

[Going.

G. Hold-

G. *Holding her.*] Hold, Madam, hold ! you'll have
 [Regard, I hope,
 If not to me, to ARBUTHNOTT and POPE,
 Those mighty Names !

B. Why, what are they to me ?

Once more, I say, *Old Nick* take all the *Three*.

Unhand me, Fool !

G. O smooth those angry Brows !

Prevail on OLDFIELD, and our Cause espouse ;
 'Twere pity *Three* such Wits at once should break,
 Our Honour, Fame, and Fortunes are at Stake.

B. Then, let me tell you, If you break you may,
Three Fools well met ; POPE, ARBUTHNOTT, and
 To save your Bacon we are not inclin'd, [GAY !
 Unles to win us some Device you find.

G. *musing*] Let's think — In *Pastoral* I'll make you
 [speak,
 And bring you both into my *Shepherd's Week*.

For you the Swains each other shall defy,

And ^a *Hobbinol* and *Clout* their Sinews try.

B. 'Twon't do.

G. If you have Male or Female Foes,

These ^b *Sawney* shall lampoon, I'll challenge Those.

B. Our Quarrels to revenge, nor him to write,

Nor want we, valiant Sir, your self to fight.

G. The ^c *Northern Poet* shall your Doctor be,
Cure all your Pains, and never take a Fee;
With skilful Hand, shall save, whene'er you wed,
The Midwife's Charge, and bring you both to Bed.

B. Nay, if you're sawcy, look, there lies the Door;
Begone, rash Clown, and see my Face no more.

G. O name the Charm, and do not, do not go! [Going.]

B. Then, to deal frankly, there's but one I know.

^a Two of his Shepherds.

^b Mr. Pope.

^c Dr. Arbuthnott.

G. What

G. What can that be ?

B. What ? Are you then so dull !

With so much Wit, has GAY so thick a Scull ?

I'll speak plain *English* then ; We must be bought ;

If hiss'd we are, we'll not be hiss'd for nought : *weeble*

With far less Risque, and likelier much to pass, *soff*

She can act ^a *Shore*, or *I*, the ^b *Northern Lass*. *happily*

Something on ^c *WILLIS* too were well bestow'd, *baA*

Or she'll not break her Back with such a Load ; *o*

The Desk to carry once for her's enough ; *and baA*

And so it is for us to speak your Stuff. *parts on o*

Unless those Arts you try, all else will fail ; *gibiv d*

And Guineas, Guineas only, can prevail. *at libW*

[*Ex. BICKNEL.*]

^a Jane Shore, a Part Mrs. Oldfield performs excellently.

^b Another Part Mrs. Bicknel is famous for.

^c The Maid that carries Clinket's Desk.

GAY *solvus.*

There croakt a Raven in that dismal Voice :
 What to resolve on now ? 'Tis *Hobson's Choice.*
 Severe Decree ! These Women sure are Jews !
 How will my Friends receive the dismal News ?
 With them how Matters stand, I partly know,
 And sure I am, with me that Stock is low.

O that, contented with my Servile State,
^a At some Bufet I still had held a Plate !
 Or, not attempting Things beyond my Reach,
^b With Honest AARON HILL improv'd the *Beech* !
 Well ! to the Wits at BERNARD's strait I'll run ;
 Unless He helps, by G——, we're all undone.

[*Exit.*]

^a See the *Key to Three Hours, &c.*

^b *Mr. Gay's History.*

SCENE III.

LINTOTT's *House.*

ARB. POPE, CIBBER, LINTOTT.

Cib. Well, Gentlemen, since I'm uncas'd and free,
 In Pasteboard you'll no more imprison me.
 You may your *Fossile* make of Honest ^a BEN,
 And turn my ^b Rival to a Beast again :
 But I'll no *Mummy* be, to make you laugh ;
 Nor shall you catch Old Birds, like COLL, with
 In twice Ten Years that I the Stage have trod,
 I've worn a Thousand Habits wond'rous odd ;
 Still, *Proteus*-like, in some New Form appear'd,
 But never in my Life was yet so jeer'd :

^a Mr. Johnson.^b Mr. Penkethman.

With

With ^a Hieroglyphicks on my Back and Breast
 Embroider'd o'er ! why, sure you were possest.
 In former Ages, no such motly Piece,
 Was known to Antient *Italy* or *Greece* :
 Here bawdy Prose, and there of Verse a Scrap ;
 How could you dream the Company would clap ?
^b Such Monasters breeds your *Nile* (the Learned say)
 One Half is Frog, and t'other Half is Clay.

Ar. Be not, good **CIBBER**, on your Friends so smart
 The *Drama* was compos'd with wond'rous Art :
 The *Author*'s not in fault, for all your hafte ;
 The Play was damn'd ; but the Town's want o'
[Taste]
 Twice more to Act, O do not then refuse !
^c And some small Freedoms with your self excuse.

^a See the Scene between Mummy, Crocodile, and Townley

^b Herodotus, and many other Accounts of Egypt.

^c See, in the Key, what a Property they make of Cibber.

C. Those Freedoms I'd forgive, if mixt with Sense,
 And pass a Jest, tho' at my own Expence;
 But stupid Satire, who alive can bear,
 That writes himself, or does *Toledo* wear?
 Urge me no more; against the Stream you drive;
 My ^a *Bulls and Bears* I would as soon revive.

P. If I remember well, this many a Day,
 Thou, **COLLY**, on the Stocks hast had a *Play*:
 Come, let thy Talent lye no longer hid,
 I'll to Perfection bring ^b the mighty *Cid*:
 So shall thy Fame increase, and eke thy Store,
 Altho' thy Scenes have been condemn'd before.
 In *Buskins* I'll equip thy *Tragick Muse*,
 And **SHAKESPEAR** shall himself his Credit lose:

^a *A Farce* of *Mr. Cibber's*.

^b *A French Tragedy* of *Corneille's*, *Translated by Mr. Cibber*. *Vide Key*.

For these damn'd *Criticks*, we'll not care a Rush,
And make ev'n a **TAMERLANE**, and a **CATO** blush.

C. aside.] Pernicious Tempter! what a Bait is there!
Shall **COLLY** then once more the *Buskin* wear?
What stubborn Mind such Proffers can resist?
And at that Price, who would not dare be his'd?

To Pope.] The *Cid* indeed I ventur'd to Translate,
But for my Hero, fear'd ^b *Perolla's* Fate:
Then since this Matter thou hast mov'd to me,
Thou shalt for once my Supervisor be;
For, **ALEXANDER**, if I know thee right,
Thou hast of late mistook thy Talent quite:
A Giant often proves a rank Pultroon,
And ev'ry Pigmy is not born Buffoon:

^a Two Excellent Tragedies of Mr. Rowe's, and Mr. Addison's.

^b *Perolla and Izadora. A Tragedy by Mr. Cibber.*

Yet who can tell, altho' thy *Farce* is vile,

How Folks may like thy ^a *Sophoclean Stile* ?

P. 'Twas I that made the ^b King of Men to speak
 Far better in our Tongue, than HOMER'S Greek ;
 And taught the ^c *Pelian* Chief to rant and swear
 In *English*, with a much more Martial Air ;
 O doubt not then, if thou our Friend wilt be,
 But I'll do Justice to CORNEILLE and *Thee*,
 And e'er it's long, on some auspicious Night,
 Thy ^d *Hans en Kelder* Poem bring to light.

C. I yield, I yield, my stubborn Heart's o'ercome,
 No longer Proof to such a Sugar-plumb.
 In ^e *Swaddling-Clouts* once more I'll stand the Shock,
 And Rival for your sakes my Brother *Croc* ;

^a *Tragick Stile* ; from Sophocles, the Greek *Tragedian*.

^b Agamemnon.

^c Achilles.

^d A Dutch Phrase, for a Child in the Mother's Belly.

^e See the Scene of *Mummy and Crocodile*.

Tho' ev'ry Critick could out-hiss a Snake,
And louder Noise than ^a MILTON's Devils make.

Lint. Good Mr. CIBBER, if it be no Crime,
Let me your Copy pray bespeak in Time :
And if you crowd among your *Tragick* Stile,
A little *Humour*, that will make one smile,
(I found that Want, in ^b *Phædra* once before)
No Brother of the *Press* shall give you more :
For who in ^c *Fleetstreet*, or in ^c *Warwick Lane*,
Rewards like me, the Labours of the Brain ?

C. I thank thee, BERNARD, that's a Point of weight,
Which, if I thrive, we'll argue *tête à tête*.
[To Pope and Arb.
Mean while, I'll serve your Cause the best I can,
And keep my Brethren steady to a Man.

[Exit CIBBER.]

^a See Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

^b Mr. Lintott dislik'd *Phædra* for want of *Humour*.

^c Places famous for Printers.

P. Damn'd

P. Damn'd Blockhead ! not to see so plain a Bite !
 I mend his Play ! —— I will as soon go fight :
 'Tis good, however, to amuse, him thus,
 And make the Fool believe he's one of Us ;
 To help our Purpose, let him do his best,
 By G —, I'll serve him as I serv'd the rest.

Ah ! here comes Brother GAY !

Enter GAY.

Arb. As pale as Death ;
 weating big Drops, and almost out of Breath !

P. The Matter ? I'm in Pain !

A. I long to hear !

G. Nay, we're undone, the Case, my Friends, is
 Worse Tidings now I bring you than before ;
 LDFIELD and BICKNEL vow they'll a~~ct~~ no more.

A. Can this be true ?

G. True, as my Name is GAY,
 unless you bleed, and for the Favour pay.

P. Damn'd

P. Damn'd mercenary Jilts !

A. I would bestow, I —— ! yes I aid base
If that might serve, a Pair of Gloves, or so.

G. That Bounty, Sir, I fear, will not succeed ;
Of Guineas, not of Gloves, they stand in need,

P. as going] I'll go my self, and bring the Gipsies over

G. You may your *Name-sake* bring as soon to Dover
What Man could speak, was by your JOHNNY spoke
But all he said, alas ! was turn'd to Joke.

BICKNEL, that Devil ! for the rest were fled,
Pronounc'd the dreadful Words, and struck me dead

LINTOTT *aside.*]

^a I've bought their *Copy* ! How my Heart does ake
Pity, ye Gods ! if he says true, I break !

^a 'Tis said, he paid Fifty Guineas for it.

Names.D.

P. Wh

P. What's to be done?

G. I, for my part, am poor,
Have clear'd my Lodgings, and my Ale-house Score.

Next Spring I take at Glasgow my Degrees,
And for this Twelve-month past, have had no Fees.

POPE aside to GAY, and ARB. —

Ah! had that cursed HOMER sold but well,
I might have squeez'd from Him a little Spell.
There's nothing for't but that; and yet I'll try:
BERNARD, 'tis You that must the Purse unity.

L. I'll tye a Rope about my Neck as soon as
No, Gentlemen, 'tis not with me full Moon.

G. But Forty Pieces; 'tis a Sum so small,
The Poet's Night will make Amends for all.

A. Do, gentle BERNARD, 'tis a Bagatelle.

L. Zoons! why the Play will neither Act, nor Sell.

P. Un-

P. Ungrateful Man ! ^a *Fame's Temple*, call to mind,
 My ^a *Forest*, ^a *Rape*, and *Satires on Mankind* ;
 Think, how by These thou hast increas'd thy Store.

L. Look on your HOMER, there, behind the Door.
 Thou little dream'st what CROWDS I daily see,
 That call for ^b TICKELL, and that spurn at Thee !
 Neglected there, your Prince of Poets lies,
 By DENNIS justly damn'd, ^c and kept for Pyes.
 Alas ! his Outside I enrich in vain,
 And by the Gilding, Custom hope to gain :
 With some dull Fop, perhaps, the Book may pass,
 And help to make a Show in Case of Glass.
 But your fam'd Heroes, with their warlike Bands,
 Grace the same Shelf where OGILBY now stands,
 And rot on mine, or on Subscribers Hands.

^a Several Poems of Mr. Pope's.

^b He Translated the First Book of the Iliad.

^c Dennis's Remarks upon Pope's Homer.

Ar. Is BERNARD grown so hard then, to be struck?

Sure some ^a *She-Wolf*, or *Tygress* gave thee suck!

P. Sure thou wert born, O Man renown'd for Print,

In ^a Stratford-Stony, or in Shire of Flint !

eqed1 & eqed2 : someb's mid big S

L. For all your Puns, I shall not at this Age,

Turn ^bBedlam Commoner, or ^bGotham Sage:

You may with CURLL your Quarrel now repent,

~~Or else to him you might for Help have sent:~~

But he with *Ballads* will debauch the Town,

And cloud your small Remainder of Renown.

Your *quondam* Vogue is now for ever lost;

As sure as on my Sign Two Keys are cross'd.

²² See Mr. Cobb's *Tripos*. It was not thought improper to make the Poet pun here; he having done it in the Play.

b b *A Madman, or a Fool.*

Ev'n ^a T——r, whom you call *Senseless Drone*,
Trusts to your Comedy, to save his own.

Enter Boy, with a Footman.

Boy. This Footman wants to speak with Mr. POPE.

P. Bid him advance: Some kind Relief, I hope.
Who come you from?

Footm. Three Ladies known full well;
Their Names are ^b G——N, B——NE, L——P——L;
This Purse of Gold, and Letter, Sir, they send. [Gives them.]
P. O my good Stars! —Pray wait a little, Friend.

^a The Author of The Artful Husband, which succeeded.

^b See The Court Ballad. [Reads.]

Reads.]

Sir,

Your Wit, by noisy Fools ill understood,
 We thank you for, and deem it wondrous good;
 The Turns are fine, the Repartees are smart,
 And smutty Jests book'd in with wondrous Art;
 Tho' not, indeed, in cleanest Linnen wrapt,
 They pleas'd our Fancies, and by us were clapp'd.
 We partly guess'd what's what some time before;
 But your kind Lessons have improv'd us more:
 Then pray accept this little Purse of Gold,
 And let us be among your Friends enroll'd.
 You, and your Brethren, we'll be glad to see,
 In Street call'd Gerrard, when we drink our Tea.

P. What Harmony sounds here in ev'ry Line !
And how these Guineas chink ! and how they shine !

To the Footman.]

Here, Friend, take This; commend me to the *Dames*;
And for this Bounty, ^{long may their names} I'll record their Names.

[Exit Man.]

To LINTOTT.]

LINTOTT, henceforth you print my Works no more.

L. Command me, Sir, my Wife, and all my Store!
Forgive your BERNARD, and you ne'er shall want
Wine, Guineas, nor Tit-bits most Elegant:
Nay, to my Suit a pitying Ear incline,
I'll put your Head up, and take down my Sign.

² So he did in the Court Ballad presently after.

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P. This

A Congratulatory POEM; Inscribed
to Mr. GAY, on his Valour and Success be-
hind Drury-Lane Scenes.

I Sing the Man who bravely shows
His Courage 'gainst a Host of Foes!
So full of Fury, he'll resent's bad yea's
What ne'er for Injury was meant.
We oft have read in Ancieng Story,
Of Heroes, who would fight for Glory;
Their Fortune try in Bloody Field, wou'd
And rather chuse to dye than yield:
But never heard of Poetafter,
By Courage brought into Disaster.
But now our Modern Bards can fight
As Bravely, as they Wisely write,
And dare, to show that they're stout-hearted,
Draw Sword, when certain to be parted.
But JOHNNY GAY's the Bravest Mind;
He War proclaims 'gainst all Mankind,
And does to his Assistance call
Little wise POPE, the Devil and all.

As

As when a Lame Man, and a Blind,

To Beg together are inclin'd,

The one, the other's Want supplies;

This finds the Legs, and That the Eyes;

So these our worthy Bards accord,

POPE finds the Pen, and GAY the Sword;

And may for SATIRE, and for COURAGE,

B' esteem'd the Champions of our Age.

'Tis true, they had a dam'd Miscarriage,

In their THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE,

When kindly thinking to delight us,

They brought on Monsters, to affright us,

Wonders from Egypt, and from Nile,

A Mummy, and a Crocodile,

Th' expecting Audience had hope,

Amidst the Monsters to've seen POPE:

So good a Jest how could they 'scape,

The Town would think's some merry APE,

Dress'd up in Masquerading Show,

To represent an awkward Beau.

Some People think most POPES are Evil:

But all agree, this POPE's the Devil.

Then, GAY, be kind, and cease to teize;

Forbear to Write, or Learn to Please.

F I N I S.